Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve

1. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
   full survey: For get the steps already trod,
   from on high; 'Tis His own hand presents the prize
   race begun; And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet

2. A cloud of witnesses a round, Hold thee in
   And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown.
   And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.
   To thine aspiring eye, To thine aspiring eye.
   I'll lay my honors down, I'll lay my honors down.

3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice That calls thee
   And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown.
   And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.
   To thine aspiring eye, To thine aspiring eye.
   I'll lay my honors down, I'll lay my honors down.

Words: Philip Doddridge
Music: George F. Handel, Arr. by Lowell Mason